Loyalty In Business

By Elbert Hubbard

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and One and Twenty Other Good Things

By Elbert Hubbard

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LOYALTY IN BUSINESS

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A BIG business is a steamship bound for a port called Success. It takes a large force of men to operate this boat. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the price of every other good thing, including steamboating. To keep this steamship moving, the Captain requires the assistance of hundreds of people who have a singleness of aim—one purpose—a desire to do the right thing and the best thing in order that the ship shall move steadily, surely and safely on her course.

Curiously enough, there are men constantly falling overboard. Folks who fall overboard are always cautioned to keep away from dangerous places, still there are those who delight in taking risks. These individuals who fall off, and cling to floating spars, or are picked up by passing craft, usually declare that they were "discharged." They say the Captain, or the Mate, or their comrades had it in for them.

I am inclined to think that no man was ever "discharged" from a successful concern—he discharges himself. When a man quits his work, say, oiling the engine or scrubbing the deck, and leans over the side calling to outsiders, explaining what a bum boat he is aboard of, how bad the food is and what a fool there is for a Captain, he gradually loosens his hold until he falls into the yeasty deep. There is no one to blame but himself, yet probably you will have hard work to make him understand this little point.

When a man is told to do a certain thing, and there leaps to his lips, or even to his heart, the formula, "I was n't hired to do that," he is standing upon a greased plank that inclines toward the sea. When the plank is tilted to a proper angle, he goes to Davy Jones' locker, and nobody tilts the fatal plank but the man himself. And the way the plank is tilted is this: the man takes more interest in passing craft and what is going on on land, than in doing his work on board ship.

So I repeat: no man employed by a success-

ful concern was ever discharged. Those who fall overboard, get on the greased plank and then give it a tilt to starboard. If you are on a greased plank, you better get off from it, and quickly, too. Loyalty is the thing!

A Message to Garcia

Apologia

This literary trifle, *A Message to Garcia*, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was on the Twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine*. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War.

Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy was right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia.

I got up from the table, and wrote *A Message to Garcia*. I thought so little of it that we ran it in the

Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra copies of the March *Philistine,* a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust, " It 's the stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus: "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also how soon can ship."

I replied giving price, and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand booklets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of half a million. Two or three of the half-million lots were sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article was reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into all written languages. At the time Mr. Daniels was distributing the *Message to Garcia,* Prince Hilkoff, Director of Russian Railways, was in this country. He was the guest of the New York Central, and made a tour of the country under the personal direction of Mr. Daniels. The Prince saw the little book and was interested in it, more because Mr. Daniels was putting it out in such big numbers, probably, than otherwise.

In any event, when he got home he had the matter translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.

Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it

passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan and China. During the war between Russia and Japan, every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy of the *Message to Garcia.*
The Japanese, finding the booklets in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly translated it into Japanese &c.
And on an order of the Mikado, a copy was given to every man in the employ of the Japanese Government, soldier or civilian.
Over forty million copies of *A Message to Garcia* have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history—thanks to a series of lucky accidents!

E. H.

East Aurora,
December 1, 1913

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.
When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could

reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

¶ By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men

need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—" Carry a Message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: " Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What 's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to

explain to your " assistant " that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, " Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting " the bounce " Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

" You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

" Yes; what about him? "

" Well, he 's a fine accountant, but if I 'd send him uptown on an errand he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the

other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out

and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistles through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical

cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there 's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his

work when the " boss " is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or doing aught else but deliver it, never gets " laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can " Carry a Message to Garcia."

Mental Attitude

SUCCESS is in the blood. There are men whom fate can never keep down —they march forward in a jaunty manner, and take by divine right the best of everything that the earth affords. But

their success is not attained by means of the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on.

¶ Good health! Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in the sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp!

Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a moment thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we become fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we

hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if ever we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to foul the screw

Keep your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desire just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought that you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual you so admire.

Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.

¶ Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of Creation. Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because he wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All

things come through desire and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed.

Many people know this, but they do not know it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives. We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to be able to attach ourselves to them. The only way to secure friends is to be one. And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others.

The individual who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, " I am a part of all my eyes behold! "

¶ And the feeling then will come to you that

you are no mere interloper between earth and heaven; but you are a necessary part of the whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down it can only be amid a wreck of worlds. ¶ Like old Job, that which we fear will surely come upon us. By a wrong mental attitude we have set in motion a train of events that ends in disaster. People who die in middle life from disease, almost without exception, are those who have been preparing for death. The acute tragic condition is simply the result of a chronic state of mind —a culmination of a series of events.

Character is the result of two things, mental attitude, and the way we spend our time. It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are.

By laying hold on the forces of the universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries will course red corpuscles, and in your heart the determined resolution is born to do and to be. Carry you chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis!

Initiative

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I 'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia. Those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when Necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how

and stays to see that he does it; he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case, Destiny patiently waits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?

A Prayer

THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or " good," but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and good will. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say " I do not know " if it be so, and to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that

I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I 'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say. I desire to be Radiant—to Radiate Life.

Genius

GENIUS is only the power of making continuous effort. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. ¶ In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the

turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

How to Succeed

THE secret of success is this: There is no secret of success. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis. Success is a result of mental attitude, and the right mental attitude will bring success in everything you undertake. In fact there is no such thing as failure, except to those who accept and believe in failure. Failure! There is no such word in all the bright lexicon of speech, unless you yourself have written it there. A great success is made up of an aggregation of little ones. These finally form

a whole. The man who fills a position of honor and trust has first filled many smaller positions of trust.

The man who has the superintendence of ten thousand men has had the charge of many small squads. And before he had charge of a small squad he had charge of himself. The man who does his work so well that he needs no supervision has already succeeded. And the acknowledgment of his success is sure to follow in the form of a promotion.

The world wants its work done, and civilization is simply a search for men who can do things. Success is the most natural thing in the world. The man who does not succeed has placed himself in opposition to the laws of the universe. The world needs you—it wants what you produce—you can serve it, and if you will, it will reward you richly. By doing your work you are moving in the line of least resistance—it is a form of self-protection. You need what others have to give—they need you. To reciprocate is wisdom: to rebel is folly. To consume and not produce is a grave mistake, and upon such a one

Nature will visit her displeasure. The common idea is that success means great sacrifice, and that you must buy it with a price. In one sense this is true. To succeed you must choose. If you want this, you can not have that. Success demands concentration—oneness of aim and desire.

Choose this day whom you will serve. Paradoxically, it is true that you must "Sacrifice" some things to gain others. If you are a young man and wish to succeed in business you will have to sacrifice the cigarettes, the late hours, the dice, the cards, and all the round of genteel folly which saps your strength and tends to unfit you for your work tomorrow.

That awkward and uncouth country boy who went to work yesterday is concentrating on his tasks—he is doing the thing, high or low, mental or what not—yes! He is not so very clever, his trousers bag at the knee, and his sleeves are too short, but his heart has but one desire—to do his work. Soon you will be taking your orders from him.

And let me say right here that the habit of

continually looking out for Number One is absolutely fatal to success. Nature is on her guard against such, and if by accident they get into a position of power their lease on the place is short. A great success demands a certain abnegation—a certain disinterestedness.

The man who can lose himself in his work is the man who will succeed best.

Courtesy, kindness and concentration—this trinity forms the sesame that will unlock all doors. Good cheer is twin sister to good health

Is n't it a part of wisdom not to put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains? Is n't it wise to so fill your working hours that the night comes as a blessing and a benediction—a time for sweet rest and sleep? These things mean a preparation for good work. And good work means a preparation for higher work. Success is easy. We do not ascend the mountain by standing in the valley and jumping over it. Success is only difficult to the man who is trying to lift himself by tugging at his boot-straps.

The Master Man

INDUSTRY is intelligent action, motion, movement. And now science tells us that thought also is a physical action, a movement, a vibration of the cells of the brain. Wandering, dreamy thought is merely bad habit, or, more properly, lack of a good habit, for it leads nowhere. To carry bricks back and forth from one side of the street to the other is not industry, because it lacks intelligent purpose. To think and make no headway is simply to carry bricks back and forth

To play the devil's tattoo on a chair; monkey with the forks and spoons at table; adjust your necktie forty times a minute; stroke your mustache or hitch your trousers —these things are not industry. Gents do these things, but gentlemen never. And the difference between the gent and the gentleman is the difference between the Man and the Master Man. The Master Man is simply

a man who is master of one person—himself. When you have mastered yourself, you are then fit to take charge of other people. The Master Man is a person who has developed Intelligent Industry, Concentration, Self-Confidence, until these things become the habit of his life.

Industry, in its highest sense means conscious, useful and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, Industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep. The sensible man will ascertain his limitations and not carry his industry to the point of exhaustion. Before he is tired out, he will turn his attention to something else. The ability to concentrate requires the ability to relax. In order to work you must know how to play. Men who carry great burdens and responsibilities are always those who are able at times to lay down the burden and be a child with the children. They can laugh. And there is no medicine equal to a merry laugh.

¶ It is the intermittent current that makes the telephone possible; the man of power is

the man who changes his work—he does one thing at a time, but he does not do the thing all the time. To cultivate concentration, practise relaxation. Lie down on the floor for three minutes on your back, breathe deeply, lie still, and turn your mind in—thinking of nothing. To concentrate on your work you must enjoy your work. And to enjoy your work you must drop it at certain hours. He lasts longest, and soars highest, who cultivates the habit of just being a boy for an hour a day. Take a vacation every day if you want to do good work.

Are you in the treadmill? Well, the only way you can get out is by evolving mastership. We are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us. Habits young are like lion's cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving—soon you will be in their power, and they may eat you up. It makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others

Industry is a habit. Men who go to bed any

old time and get up when they feel like it are never industrious—worse, they are never healthy. Muldoon says that the man who has to get up at six o'clock in the morning never has insomnia. If you have to get up at six, you 'll go to bed at ten, and this means you 'll get the habit of going to sleep. If you acquire the habit of studying and reading good books from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, six evenings a week you 'll soon find it a delightful habit. I know a great writer in England who writes every morning from eight o'clock to eleven, and he writes at no other time. He has acquired the habit. At eight o'clock his brain begins to fire up, and he finds it easy and pleasurable—necessary—to concentrate on his work.

The habit of Self-Confidence is a result of the habit of Industry and Concentration. And I hope I 've made it clear that Concentration is the result of pleasurable, useful effort or Industry. Also I hope I 've made it clear that for Industry to be of the first quality, the person must at times relax and find rest in change through play—be a

child—run, frolic, dig in the garden, saw wood—relax. When you have reached a point where your work gives you a great, quiet joy, and through this joy and interest you concentrate, then comes Self-Confidence. You are now well out on the road to Mastership. Robert Louis Stevenson said, "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work." The recipe for Self-Confidence is: Do good work. "Courage," says Emerson, "comes from having done the thing before." A man who does good work does not have to talk, apologize or explain—his work speaks. And even though there be no one to appreciate it the man feels in it a great, quiet joy. He relaxes, smiles, rests, fully intent on taking up his labors tomorrow and doing better than ever. The highest reward that God gives us for doing good work is the ability to do better work. Rest means rust.

So we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental industry by doing certain things at certain hours, ceasing the effort before it becomes wearisome. In all your mental work try to keep in touch

with the people who are a little beyond you. ¶ The joy and satisfaction of successful effort —overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult—evolves into a habit, and gives Concentration. Industry and Concentration and Self-Confidence spell Mastership.

So from the man we get the Master Man. What lies beyond I do not know. Perhaps when I become a Master I shall know—one stage at a time is enough. If there is n't time in this life, perhaps there will be hereafter.

Middlemen and Menials

TECHNICALLY, a middleman is any one who stands between the producer and the consumer. And most of the people who use the expression " middleman" regard him as an animated example of lost motion, a specimen of economic slack.

No doubt there are several professions and occupations that could be abolished from

civilized society with decided advantage. Edward Bellamy declared advertising to be an economic waste; and he explained that the cost of advertising was always counted in and added to the value of the article, and was paid for by the ultimate consumer. He then made his calculation that by eliminating advertising the cost of the article to the consumer would be much reduced.

To this argument we make no exception; but to the assumption that all advertising is economic waste, a demurrer must here be entered. Advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. If nobody knows who you are, or what you have to offer, you do no business, and the world is the loser through giving you absent treatment.

Life is too short for the consumer to employ detectives to ferret out merchants who have the necessities of life to sell.

People who want to buy things do not catch the seller, chloroform him and cram the orders into his pocket. Parties who want

milk should not seat themselves on the stool in the middle of the field, in hope that the cow will back up to them. This would be as vain as for a man to step out of his office on Broadway and shoot into the air in the hope of firing into a flock of ducks that might be flying over.

Advertising is the proper education of the public as to where the thing can be found, and there it is a necessity. We are parts and particles of one another, but a little of the kindly glue of human brotherhood is needed in order to fasten us together.

The policeman who keeps the crossing clear and at the same time informs us as to the location of the post-office and the First National Bank is, no doubt, in one sense, an economic waste. On the other hand, he is an economic necessity. He is a necessary middleman. He relieves the congestion of traffic, and, granting the hypothesis that he does not misdirect us as to the location of the post-office, he speeds us on our way.

The musician who entertains us, the lecturer who informs us, and the lawyer who shows

us how to keep out of trouble—all are middlemen. We say that food is the primal need ❧ Next to this comes love. People who are not properly nourished bicker without ceasing; so love flees and stands aloof, naked and cold, with finger to his lips. Granting that food is a primal need, food then must be cooked and served. The very simple service of the cafeteria, where you flunkey for yourself, and pocket your own fee, is a necessity. Somebody must cook and somebody must serve. Otherwise, all of us would have to do the thing for ourselves, and then all of our efforts would be taken up in the search for food, and we would be reduced to the occupation of the cave man.

Civilization is a great system of transfers. Each one does the thing he can do best and works for the good of all. There is just one way for us to abolish the working class, and that is to join it.

So any man who does a needed service for humanity should be honored. There are no menial tasks. The necessary is the worthy, and the useful is the sacred.

The Neutral

THERE is known to me a prominent business house that by the very force of its directness and worth has incurred the enmity of many rivals. In fact, there is a very general conspiracy on hand to put the institution down and out. In talking with a young man employed by this house, he yawned and said, "Oh, in this quarrel I am neutral."

"But you get your bread and butter from this firm, and in a matter where the very life of the institution is concerned, I do not see how you can be a neutral."

And he changed the subject.

I think that if I enlisted in the Japanese army I would not be a neutral.

Business is a fight—a continual struggle—just as life is. Man has reached his present degree of development through struggle. Struggle there must be and always will be. The struggle began as purely physical; as

man evolved it shifted ground to the mental psychic, and the spiritual, with a few dashes of cave-man proclivities still left. But depend upon it, the struggle will always be—life is activity. And when it gets to be a struggle in well-doing, it will still be a struggle. When Inertia gets the better of you it is time to telephone to the undertaker. The only real neutral in this game of life is a dead one. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of every other good thing.

A business that is not safeguarded on every side by active, alert, attentive, vigilant men is gone. As oxygen is the disintegrating principle of life, working night and day to dissolve, separate, pull apart and dissipate, so there is something in business that continually tends to scatter, destroy and shift possession from this man to that. A million mice nibble eternally at every business venture.

The mice are not neutrals, and if enough employees in a business house are neutrals, the whole concern will eventually come tumbling about their ears.

I like that order of Field-Marshal Oyama: "Give every honorable neutral that you find in our lines the honorable jiu-jitsu hikerino."

Sympathy, Knowledge and Poise

SYMPATHY, Knowledge and Poise seem to be the three ingredients that are most needed in forming the Gentle Man. I place these elements according to their value. No man is great who does not have Sympathy plus, and the greatness of men can be safely gauged by their sympathies. Sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Your heart must go out to all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the good, the bad, the wise and the foolish—it is necessary to be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them. Sympathy!—it is the touchstone to every secret, the key to all knowledge, the open sesame of all hearts.

¶ Put yourself in the other man's place and then you will know why he thinks certain things and does certain deeds. Put yourself in his place and your blame will dissolve itself into pity, and your tears will wipe out the record of his misdeeds. The saviors of the world have simply been men with wondrous sympathy.

But Knowledge must go with Sympathy else the emotions will become maudlin and pity may be wasted on a poodle instead of a child; on a field mouse instead of a human soul. Knowledge in use is wisdom, and wisdom implies a sense of values—you know a big thing from a little one, a valuable fact from a trivial one. Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value; a little misfit in life makes us laugh, a great one is tragedy and cause for expression of grief.

Poise is the strength of body and strength of mind to control your Sympathy and your Knowledge. Unless you control your emotions they run over and you stand in the mire. Sympathy must not run riot, or it is valueless and tokens weakness instead of

strength. In every hospital for nervous disorders are to be found many instances of this loss of control. The individual has Sympathy but not Poise, and therefore his life is worthless to himself and to the world.

He symbols inefficiency and not helpfulness. Poise reveals itself more in voice than it does in words; more in thought than in action; more in atmosphere than in conscious life. It is a spiritual quality, and is felt more than it is seen. It is not a matter of bodily size, nor of bodily attitude, nor attire, nor of personal comeliness; it is a state of inward being, and of knowing your cause is just. And so you see it is a great and profound subject after all, great in its ramifications, limitless in extent, implying the entire science of right living. I once met a man who was deformed in body and little more than a dwarf, but who had such Spiritual Gravity—such Poise—that to enter a room where he was, was to feel his presence and acknowledge his superiority. To allow Sympathy to waste itself on unworthy objects is to deplete one's life forces. To

conserve is the part of wisdom, and reserve is a necessary element in all good literature, as well as in everything else.

Poise being the control of our Sympathy and Knowledge, it implies a possession of these attributes, for without having Sympathy and Knowledge you have nothing to control but your physical body. To practise Poise as a mere gymnastic exercise, or study in etiquette, is to be self-conscious, stiff, preposterous and ridiculous. Those who cut such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make angels weep, are men void of Sympathy and Knowledge trying to cultivate Poise. Their science is a mere matter of what to do with arms and legs. Poise is a question of spirit controlling flesh, heart controlling attitude

Get Knowledge by coming close to Nature. That man is the greatest who best serves his kind. Sympathy and Knowledge are for use—you acquire that you may give out; you accumulate that you may bestow. And as God has given unto you the sublime blessings of Sympathy and Knowledge,

there will come to you the wish to reveal your gratitude by giving them out again; for the wise man is aware that we retain spiritual qualities only as we give them away. Let your light shine. To him that hath shall be given. The exercise of wisdom brings wisdom; and at the last the infinitesimal quantity of man's knowledge, compared with the Infinite, and the smallness of man's Sympathy when compared with the source from which ours is absorbed, will evolve an abnegation and a humility that will lend a perfect Poise. The Gentleman is a man with perfect Sympathy, Knowledge, and Poise.

Work and Waste

THESE truths I hold to be self-evident: That man was made to be happy; that happiness is only attainable through useful effort; that the very best way to help ourselves is to help others, and often

the best way to help others is to mind our own business; that useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties; that we grow only through exercise; that education should continue through life, and the joys of mental endeavor should be, especially, the solace of the old; that where men alternate work, play and study in right proportion, the organs of the mind are the last to fail, and death for such has no terrors.

That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful manual labor; that if all would work a little, no one would then be overworked; if no one wasted, all would have enough; that if none were overfed, none would be underfed; that the rich and "educated" need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate; that the presence of a serving class is an indictment and a disgrace to our civilization; that the disadvantage of having a serving class falls most upon those who are served, and not upon those who serve—just as the real curse of slavery fell upon the slave-owners

That people who are waited on by a serving class can not have a right consideration for the rights of others, and they waste both time and substance, both of which are lost forever, and can only seemingly be made good by additional human effort.

That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life and therefore must be considered no better than a cannibal.

That each one living naturally will do the thing he can do best, but that in useful service there is no high nor low. That to set apart one day in seven as " holy " is really absurd, and serves only to loosen our grasp on the tangible present.

That all duties, offices and things which are useful and necessary to humanity are sacred, and that nothing else is or can be sacred.

The Old Fashioned Virtues

DON'T try to eliminate the old fashioned virtues—many have tried it, with indifferent success. No good substitute has yet been found for simplicity, frankness, sobriety, industry and sincerity. ¶ To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice —these things will bring you the highest good. They will bring you to love of the best and the esteem of that sacred few whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating.

Endeavor to eliminate hate, fear, prejudice and whim. Greet the day with gladness because it gives you an opportunity to work. Do not try to kill time and time will not try to kill you. Take your medicine, when Fate sends it, and make no wry face; if you should have a tumble now and then, always be up before the Referee counts ten.

Seek to be truthful, simple, direct, moderate,

minding your own business and not bothering other folks any more than you have to. Believe in useful industry, good cheer, fresh air, sound sleep, good digestion and kind thoughts: believe that the mental attitude of good will, courtesy and reciprocity will bring the best possible results that are to be obtained by anybody, either in this world or another: that the best preparation for good tomorrow is good work today.

Health and Habit

IF you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want. Health is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be healthy because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business. Nature needs man so he will be useful to other men. The rewards of life

are for service. And the penalties of life are for selfishness.

Human service is the highest form of self-interest for the person who serves. We preserve our sanity only as we forget self in service. To center on one's self, and forget our relationship to society is to summon misery and misery means disease.

Unhappiness is an irritant. It affects the heartbeats or circulation first; then the digestion, and the person is ripe for two hundred and nineteen diseases, and six hundred and forty-two complications.

Nothing you can take out of a bottle or that you can rub on, will remove the cause of misery. " Medicine is only palliative," says Dr. Weir Mitchel, " for back of disease lies the cause, and this cause no drugs can reach." " I 've a cold in my head," said the man to the wise doctor. And the doctor replies, " Doubtless, for that is the only place where the microbe abides." People who dread disease and fear disease have disease. The recipe for good health is this: Forget it. What we call disease are merely symptoms

of mental conditions. Our bodies are automatic, and thinking about your digestion does not aid you. Rather it hinders, since the process of thinking, especially anxious thinking, robs the stomach of its blood, and transfers it to the head. If you are worried enough, digestion will stop absolutely. The moral is obvious: Don't Worry. "This horse is all right, unless he gets scared," said a horseback rider to me, the other day. And I answered, "So am I!"

In public speaking I have often noticed that when I am anxious to make a big speech, I grew fearful about my voice, and begin to distrust my memory. The result is that I have to push that speech ahead of me for the whole blessed hour and a half, and am conscious of my feet and aware of my hands all the time. The result is a strictly Class B oratorical effort.

That is to say, it was an effort and not a pleasure for either the speaker or the audience. For the speaker supplies the mood for the audience. If the speaker is happy the audience is, also. And as before hinted, we

are only happy when we forget ourselves and do not know whether we are happy or not. ¶ Those rare times when I make a big impression upon my auditors are when I go upon the stage with a certain amount of indifference, simply taking care not to have overeaten. Then I start in slowly, and soon the thoughts are coming along, just as fast as I can use them. The air is full of reasons, and all I have to do is to reach up and pick the ones I want.

With good health it is the same—just a few plain rules, and the whole matter is automatic and self-lubricating. Health is a habit. We are ruled by habit. There are three habits which, with but one condition added, will give you everything in the world worth having, and beyond which the imagination of man can not conjure forth a single addition or improvement. These habits are:

The Work Habit
The Health Habit
The Study Habit

If you are a man and have these habits and also have the love of a woman who has these

same habits, you are in Paradise now and here, and so is she. Health, Books and Work, with Love added, are a solace for all the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune—a defense 'gainst all the storms that blow, for through their use you transmute sadness unto mirth, trouble into ballast, pain into joy

Choose this day the habits you would have rule over you!

Let Thrift Be Your Ruling Habit

THRIFT is a habit. A habit is a thing you do unconsciously or automatically, without thought. We are ruled by our habits. When habits are young they are like lion-cubs, soft, fluffy, funny, frolicsome little animals. They grow day by day. Eventually they rule you.

Choose ye this day the habit ye would have to rule over you. The habit of thrift is simply the habit which dictates that you

shall earn more than you spend. In other words, thrift is the habit that provides that you shall spend less than you earn. Take your choice.

If you are a thrifty person you are happy. When you are earning more than you spend, when you produce more than you consume, your life is a success, and you are filled with courage, animation, ambition, good-will. Then the world is beautiful, for the world is your view of the world, and when you are right with yourself, all 's right with the world

The habit of thrift proves your power to rule your own psychic self. You are captain of your soul. You are able to take care of yourself, and then out of the excess of your strength you produce a surplus.

Thus you are not only able to take care of yourself, but you are able to take care of some one else—of wife, child, father and mother, to lend a hand to sick people, old people, unfortunate people. This is to live.

¶ The man who can not earn a living for himself is something less than a man. The

man who can barely get a living and no more is little better than a barbarian or a savage

"All wealth comes from labor applied to land," said Adam Smith, who wrote a wonderful book on the subject of thrift. ¶ This book, *The Wealth of Nations*, was published in the same year that America's Declaration of Independence was signed. Buckle calls it, "the greatest book ever written in its influence for good, save none." ¶ In this book is the statement, "All wealth comes from labor applied to land." Nowadays we say, "All wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land." Let us say, "All wealth comes from loving labor applied to land." The successful labor is loving labor

Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand. He who is not thrifty is a slave to circumstance. Fate says, "Do this or starve," and if you have no surplus saved up you are the plaything of chance, the pawn of circumstance, the slave of some one's caprice, a leaf in a storm

The surplus gives you the power to dictate terms, but most of all it gives you an inward consciousness that you are sufficient unto yourself.

Therefore, cultivate the habit of thrift, and the earlier you begin, the better. And no matter how old you are, or how long you have lived, begin this day to save something, no matter how little, out of your earnings.

¶ Off the beaten track of travel there is a country school, the typical little red schoolhouse

The teacher is hunchback. Once he wrote: "I know nothing about the science of education. I just love my children, and we study together and work together." And so, out to one side of the school, in summertime, there is a school-garden where every child has a little flowerbed or vegetable-garden of its own

The pupil plants the seed he wishes to plant, digs it up sometimes to see how it is coming along, waters it, hoes it, watches it sprout through the surface, wooed with the kisses of the summer sun.

He sees it grow and evolve into a beautiful plant, that produces a flower, perhaps, at the top, and an edible beneath the surface. ¶ So last May in the garden the children were growing corn, potatoes, marigolds, sweet-williams, violets, and through this working out of doors instead of playing games all the time, the children were learning to economize time, to be saving of time, for time rightly used is the thing which, when it co-operates with love and labor, produces wealth and all the things necessary to life and well-being.

But on a last trip to that little red schoolhouse, the teacher told of another innovation It was this: A savings-bank account for each child in the school, a bank-book for every child who can deposit one cent or five cents! ¶ Here was a lesson in economics. And economics is simply the science of business, and business is the science of human service. ¶ Some day business is going to be regarded as the greatest science in the world, for it includes the science of making a living. And my little hunchback teacher recognized this

fact, so he is teaching his children the science of saving, and thrift will become, indeed, a habit with those children.

The thrift habit is a sister to a good many other beautiful habits. Thrift implies industry, and of course thrift is economy, and economy means the care of things and their proper use. You do not waste anything that can be used: You save it, care for it, reserve it. In the country when we get more apples than we can store in the cellar, we peel them, slice them, dry them in the sun or in pans on the stove, and then the children string them with a thread and needle, and we hang them in a dry place in the garret where they can be used when we need them. Children in the country sometimes will preserve many pounds of apples this way and sell them, and buy clothing or books or a gramophone or slates or shoes.

There is a factory in a country town where there are two hundred fifty employees, and every employee in that factory has a savings-bank account.

Thus this factory is a school run on a prin-

ciple somewhat like that of the little red schoolhouse, where the little hunchback teacher, with no children of his own, is yet the father and big brother to all of his pupils

Children should early be taught the savings-bank habit. Such children will grow up—at least, most of them will—able, courageous, helpful, willing, and a few of them will evolve into strong and able people, leaders in any line of undertaking which they may select or which Fate may send.

Thrifty people, other things considered, have good health. Thrift implies that you do not overeat, that you sleep at least eight hours, that you go to bed early and get up early. Benjamin Franklin was right: " Time is money." Time is surely money when it is rightly used.

The habit of thrift tends to give clear eyes, good digestion, efficient muscles. People on moderate salaries have no business to patronize taxicabs. Leave that to elderly people who can not easily board the street-car; also leave it to the people who have

pride plus and who wear clothes they are afraid will get soiled.

Young people, especially, should economize, always remembering that we should have everything we really need. It is folly to skimp in eating for the sake of saving, or to wear dowdy raiment. Have what you need, but do not buy things you do not need.

But there is a joy in going without things—a fine tang in eliminating the superfluous. Old Walt Whitman knew of this when he said: " Henceforth I will complain no more. Done with indoor repinings, strong and content I will take to the open road."

It 's lovely to be able to walk, to run, to carry your own grip, to get along without flunkies, to eat moderately, sleep hard, breathe deeply, and look everybody in the eye with a look which says you can take care of yourself.

In the beating of the heart there is a secondary movement. We call these two movements systole and diastole. Every worthy action has this secondary effect, which is also good.

We know this secondary by the name of "survival value," and survival value is the thing that endures after the act itself is complete.

There is a survival value in the habit of thrift. Besides the money you save, you are adding strength to your character; digging trenches, building fortifications, laying in ammunition, and providing yourself against any attack from enemies, such as poverty, disease, melancholy, distrust, jealousy, insanity.

Ben Franklin is our greatest example of thrift. He wrote more on it and wrote better than any other man we know. He began practising thrift when he was twelve years of age, and he practised it and wrote on it all his life.

He became the richest man in America in his day, richest not only in money but in health, brains, sanity, good-cheer, influence. He was a scientist, a businessman, a linguist, a diplomat and a philosopher. He always paid his way. He founded the University of Pennsylvania, as well as the

first public library in America; organized an insurance-company, pretty nearly captured the lightning, invented spectacles, manufactured the first cook-stove, went to France and borrowed money on which Washington fought the War of the Revolution; and the basis of all the strength and excellence of Benjamin Franklin lay in the fact that very early in life he acquired the habit of thrift. ¶ Shakespeare above all writers we know knew the value of thrift, not only thrift in the matter of money but in the matter of ideas, of working his thoughts up into good coin. He wrote out his thoughts, and thus got the habit of expressing them, and while he was a businessman and would not consider himself anything else, he yet lives for us as the greatest writer of all time. Thrift in thought will lead to the habit of writing, and any man who writes a little every day will become a good writer. We grow by doing

Well did Shakespeare say, "Thrift, Horatio, thrift!" implying that the young man Horatio should acquire the habit of thrift

first, and then all else in the way of good things would follow.

The girl or boy who acquires the habit of thrift early in life will be a power for good in any community. Thrift! It is the basis of all the other virtues. To spend less than you earn—this way lies happiness. Thrift!

The Boy from Missouri Valley

WELL, it was n't so very long ago—only about twenty-three years. I was foreman of a factory, and he lived a thousand miles away, at Missouri Valley, Iowa. I was twenty-four, and he was fourteen. His brother was traveling for the Firm, and one day this brother showed me a letter from the lad in Missouri Valley. The missive was so painstaking, so exact, and revealed the soul of a child so vividly, that I laughed aloud—a laugh that died away to a sigh

The boy was beating his wings against the

bars—the bars of Missouri Valley—he wanted opportunity. And all he got was unending toil, dead monotony, stupid misunderstanding, and corn-bread and molasses ¶ There was n't love enough in Missouri. Valley to go 'round—that was plain. The boy's mother had been of the Nancy Hanks type—worn, yellow and sad—and had given up the fight and been left to sleep her long sleep in a prairie grave on one of the many migrations. The father's ambition had got stuck in the mud, and under the tongue-lash of a strident, strenuous, gee-haw consort, he had run up the white flag.

The boy wanted to come East.

It was a dubious investment—a sort of financial plunge, a blind pool—to send for this buckwheat midget. The fare was thirty-three dollars and fifty cents.

The Proprietor, a cautious man, said that the boy was n't worth the money. There were plenty of boys—the alleys swarmed with them.

So there the matter rested.

But the lad in Missouri Valley did n't let it

rest long. He had been informed that we did not consider him worth thirty-three dollars and fifty cents, so he offered to split the difference. He would come for half—he could ride on half-fare—the Railroad Agent at Missouri Valley said that if he bought a half-fare ticket, got on a train, and explained to the conductor and everybody that he was 'leven, goin' on twelve, and stuck to it, it would be all right; and he would not expect any wages until he had paid us back. He had no money of his own, all he earned was taken from him by the kind folks with whom he lived, and would be until he was twenty-one years old. Did we want to invest sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents in him?

We waxed reckless and sent the money—more than that, we sent a twenty-dollar bill. We plunged!

In just a week the investment arrived. He did not advise when he would come, or how. He came, we saw, he conquered. Why should he advise of his coming? He just reported, and his first words were the Duke's motto: "I am here."

He was unnecessarily freckled and curiously small. His legs had the Greek curve, from much horseback riding, herding cattle on the prairies; his hair was the color of a Tamworth pig; his hands were red; his wrists bony and briar-scarred. He carried his shoes in his hands, so as not to wear out the sidewalk, or because they aggravated sundry stone-bruises—I don't know which.

"I am here!" said the lad, and he planked down on the desk three dollars and twenty-five cents. It was the change from the twenty-dollar bill. "Did n't you have to spend any money on the way here?" I asked.

"No, I had all I wanted to eat," he replied, and pointed to a basket that sat on the floor

I called in the Proprietor, and we looked the lad over. We walked around him twice, gazed at each other, and adjourned to the hallway for consultation.

The boy was not big enough to do a man's work and if we set him to work in the factory with the city boys, they would surely

pick on him and make life for him very uncomfortable. He had a half-sad and winsome look that had won from our hard hearts something akin to pity. He was so innocent, so full of faith, and we saw at a glance that he had been overworked, underfed—at least misfed—and underloved. He was different from other boys—and in spite of the grime of travel, and the freckles, he was pretty as a ground-squirrel.

His faith made him whole: he won us. But why we had brought him to the miserable and dirty city—this grim place of disillusionment! "He might index the letter-book," I ventured. "That 's it, yes, let him index the letter-book." So I went back and got the letter-book. But the boy's head only came to the top of the stand-up desk, and when he reached for the letter-book on the desk he had to grope for it. I gave him my high-stool, but this was too low.

"I know what to do," he said. Through the window that looked from the office to the shipping-room, he had espied a pile of boxes. "I know what to do!"

In a minute he had placed two boxes end to end, nailed them together, clinched the nails, and carried his improvised high-stool into the office. "I know what to do!"

And he usually did; and does yet.

We found him a boarding place with a worthy widow whose children had all grown big and flown. Her house was empty, and so was her mother-heart: she was like that old woman in *Rab*, who was placed on the surgeon's table and given chloroform, and who held to her breast an imaginary child, and crooned a lullaby to a babe, dead thirty years before.

So the boy boarded with the widow and worked in the office.

He indexed the letter-book—he indexed everything. And then he filed everything—letters, bills, circulars. He stamped the letters going out, swept the office, and dusted things that had never been dusted before. He was orderly, alert, active, cheerful, and the Proprietor said to me one day, "I wonder how we ever got along without that boy from Missouri Valley!"

Six months had passed, and there came a day when one of the workmen intimated to the Proprietor that he better look out for that red-headed office-boy.

Of course, the Proprietor insisted on hearing the rest, and the man then explained that almost every night the boy came back to the office. He had seen him. The boy had a tin box and letter-books in it, and papers, and the Lord knows what not!

Watch him!

The Proprietor advised with me because I was astute—at least he thought I was, and I agreed with him.

He thought Jabesh was at the bottom of it.

¶ Jabesh was our chief competitor. Jabesh had hired away two of our men, and we had gotten three of his. "Jabe," we called him in derision—Jabe had gotten into the factory twice on pretense of seeing a man who wanted to join the Epworth League or Something. We had ordered him out, because we knew he was trying to steal our "process." Jabe was a rogue—that was sure.

Worse than that, Jabe was a Methodist.

The Proprietor was a Baptist, and regarded all Methodists with a prenatal aversion that swung between fear and contempt. The mere thought of Jabe gave us gooseflesh. Jabesh was the bugaboo that haunted our dreams. Our chief worry was that we would never be able to save our Bank-Balance alive, for fear o' Jabe. "That tarnashun Jabe has hired our office-boy to give him a list of our customers—he is stealing our formulas, I know," said the Proprietor. "The cub's pretense of wanting a key to the factory so he could sweep out early was really that he might get in late."

Next day we watched the office-boy. He surely looked guilty—his freckles stood out like sunspots, and he was more bowlegged than ever.

The Workman who had given the clue, on being further interrogated, was sure he had seen Jabe go by the factory twice in one evening.

That settled it:

At eight o'clock that night we went down to the factory. It was a full mile, and in an

" objectionable " part of the town. There was a dim light in the office. We peered through the windows, and sure enough, there was the boy hard at work writing. There were several books before him, a tin box and some papers. We waited and watched him copy something into a letter-book.

We withdrew and consulted. To confront the culprit then and there seemed the proper thing. We unlocked the door and walked softly in.

The boy was startled by our approach, and still more by our manner. When the Proprietor demanded the letter that he had just written, he began to cry, and then we knew we had him.

The Proprietor took the letter and read it. It was to Jimmy Smith in Missouri Valley. It told all about how the writer was getting on, about the good woman he boarded with, and it told all about me and about the Proprietor. It pictured us as models of virtue, excellence and truth.

But we were not to be put off thus. We examined the letter-book, and alas! it was

filled only with news-letters to sundry cousins and aunts. Then we dived to the bottom of the tin box, still in search of things contraband. All we found was a little old Bible, a diary, and some trinkets in the way of lace and ribbon that had once been the property of the dead Nancy Hanks.

Then we found a Savings-Bank Book, and by the entries saw that the boy had deposited one dollar every Monday morning for eleven weeks. He had been with us for six months, and his pay was two dollars a week and board—we wondered what he had done with the rest!

We questioned the offender at length. The boy averred that he came to the office evenings only because he wanted to write letters and get his 'rithmetic lesson. He would not think of writing his personal letters on our time, and the only reason he wanted to write at the office instead of at home was so he could use the letter-press. He wanted to copy all his letters—one should be business-like in all things.

The Proprietor coughed and warned the

boy never to let it happen again. We started for home, walking silently but very fast. The stillness was broken only once, when the Proprietor said: " That consarned Jabe! If I ever find him around our factory, I 'll tweak his nincompoop nose, that 's what I will do."

Twenty-three years! That factory has grown to be the biggest of its kind in America. The red-haired boy from Missouri Valley is its manager. Emerson says, " Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man." The Savings-Bank Habit came naturally to that boy from Missouri Valley. In a year he was getting six dollars and board, and he deposited four dollars every Monday. In three years this had increased to ten, and some years after, when he became a partner, he had his limit in the Bank. The Savings-Bank Habit is not so bad as the Cab Habit—nor so costly to your thinkery and wallet as the Cigarette Habit. I have been wage-earner, foreman and employer. I have had a thousand men on my payroll at a time, and I'll tell you this: The

man with the Savings-Bank Habit is the one who never gets laid off: he's the one who can get along without you, but you can not get along without him. The Savings-Bank Habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. The most healthful thing I know of is a Savings-Bank Book—there are no microbes in it to steal away your peace of mind. It is a guarantee of good behavior.

The Missouri Valley boy gets twenty-five thousand a year, they say. It is none too much. Such masterly men are rare; Rockefeller says he has vacancies for eight now, with salaries no object, if they can do the work

That business grew because that boy from Missouri Valley grew with it, and he grew because the business grew. Which is a free paraphrase from Macaulay, who said that Horace Walpole influenced his age because he was influenced by his age. Jabesh has gone on his Long Occasion, discouraged and whipped by an unappreciative world. If he had had the gumption to discover a red-

haired boy from Missouri Valley, he might now be sporting an automobile on Delaware Avenue instead of being in Abraham's Bosom ☙ ☙

We shall all be in Abraham's Bosom day after tomorrow; and then I 'll explain to Jabesh that no man ever succeeded in a masterly way, excepting as he got level-headed men to do his work. Blessed is that man who has found somebody to do his work.

There are plenty of iron pyrites, but the Proprietor and I know Pay-Gravel when we see it ¶ I guess so!

Get Out Or Get In Line

IF all the letters, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed, except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a good index to the heart of the Rail-Splitter.

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that

he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindliness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticised Lincoln, his Commander-in-Chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words the man who had been wronged promotes the one who wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger; but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

Perhaps we had better give the letter entire, and so here it is:

Executive Mansion
Washington, January 26, 1863

Major-General Hooker:

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like.

I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality.

You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more or less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit that you have aided in infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and witholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were

alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for it suggests a condition that springs up like deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at and criticising those who are above us.

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticised, vilified and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands too, that, it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being, but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has shown is going to return and plague him! " Neither you, nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get

any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." Hooker's fault falls on Hooker —others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all ❧ ❧

Not long ago I met a Yale student home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true Yale spirit for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. President Hadley came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data, with times and places, for a " peach of a roast."

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with Yale, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had got so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. Yale is not a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that President Hadley and most Yale men are quite willing to admit; but Yale does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by

giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: Get Out, or Get in Line. You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice.

¶ If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your

bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him.

I would give an undivided service or none.

¶ If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it.

Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter only says, " Times are dull

and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will find that they are full of railing, bitterness and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of fault-finding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel, and had to be dynamited. They were out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every employer is constantly looking for people who can help him; naturally he is on the outlook among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help you must have sympathy

You can not help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon

and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon, you reveal the fact that you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings: but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a Silent Man, who criticised no one, railed at nobody—not even the enemy. And this Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business, and did the work that no man can ever do unless he gives absolute

loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion ❧

Let us mind our own business, and work for self by working for the good of all.

Self-Pity

SELF-PITY is the act of feeling sorry for yourself. You sit down and weep because you are not appreciated, or loved, or worshiped as you feel you should be ❧ ❧

Not being appreciated, you cast about for reasons. It is only a step then to find them. You are hated—folks are plotting against you. When you pity yourself you begin to think of yourself as the center of creation, a sort of central sun around which the stars revolve—or should. You are out of focus. Unconsciously, the self-pity habit brings indifference, then pity, then the contempt of everybody with whom the individual associates.

We had better take the bumps that life sends and regard them as lessons. Life is a struggle against our own limitations. If we pity any one, let's pity the folks who have to live with us. It is a great privilege to live, to engage in the struggle of existence, to fight for that which is right, and, if need be, to suffer and die for it.

To have pain is proof that you are alive. Dead ones have no great pain. Those who are alive are bound to suffer. This is a part of the great education of every individual who really lives and achieves. And to live, in itself, is an achievement.

To go down and acknowledge you are down is the only defeat. When you indulge in self-pity you are on the slide, reaching for the swab. Man's business is to surmount, to arise, to aviate and when he begins to help himself he grows strong, and everybody will help him. Self-pity is the first symptom of paranoia. And paranoia is a disease of the brain that comes from continually thinking of one's own self and dwelling on slights and fancied insults.

If we fail in an undertaking we blame others. If we succeed we take all the credit to ourselves. It is very much easier to blame some one else than to face the issue; and so we hide our blunders behind an excuse, evolve self-pity, explain the matter to any one who will listen, to get them, if possible, to help feel sorry for us.

Self-pity evolves hypocrites, who pretend that they feel sorry for us, when the fact is that, down deep in their hearts, they think less of us for every whine, every grouch and every growl.

When we explain, when we accuse, when we denounce others, self-pity begins to consume us, and power takes wing. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. Keep your mouth closed, your eyes open, and breathe through your nostrils. Don't bewail unkind Fate. Don't try to lay the blame on others. Time is the great adjuster of all wrongs, and in course of a short life we get all the love that is due us. That is to say, we get all that we give. Is hate my portion just now? Bless me, when did I pass that out?

Life is a shooting of the chutes. Take your bumps, and don't whine. There are quiet and safety, and rest and silence, down at the bottom where we are headed for, and there will be plenty of time to enjoy them, too. But just now there is work to do.

Let's be grateful that we are alive. There are more than a hundred million folks in America who never played you a single nasty trick. There's work to do. Ring in, and at it!

Patience

OVER the desk of William Morris there used to hang a motto, the words carved on wood; and the words were these: "*He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.*"

Patience—that is the theme!

I am not sure that William Morris was the most patient man I ever saw; had he been patient by nature he would never have

thought to have that sign constantly before him

But it is well to realize that it is the patient man who wins. To do your work and not be anxious about results, is wisdom of the highest order. This does not mean that you are to sell yourself as a slave. If your present position does not give you an opportunity to grow, and you know of a better place, why go to the better place, by all means. The point I make is simply this: if you care to remain in a place you can never better your position there by striking for higher wages or favors of any kind.

The employee who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns, never will. There are men who are set on a hair trigger—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and who threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to.

The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time-book for dismissal when work gets scarce and business dull. Such men are out of employ-

ment about half the time, and the curious part of it is, they never know why.

As a matter of pure wordly wisdom—just cold-blooded expediency—if I were an employee I would never mention wages. I would focus right on my work and do it. The man that endures is the man that wins. I would never harass my employer by inopportune propositions—I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burden. Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work should tell its own story. The cheerful worker who goes ahead and makes himself a necessity to the business, never adding to the burden of his superiors—will sooner or later get all that is his due, and more. He will not only get pay for his work, but he will get a bonus for his patience, and another for his good cheer.

The man who makes a strike to have his wages raised from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week, may get the raise, and then his wages will stay there. Had he kept quiet and just been intent on making himself a five-thou-

sand-dollar man he might have gravitated straight to a five-thousand-dollar desk.

I would not risk spoiling my chances for a big promotion by asking for a little one. And it is but trite truism to say that no man ever received a big promotion because he demanded it—he got it because he could fill the position, and for no other reason.

Ask the man who receives a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary how he managed to bring it about, and he will tell you he just simply did his work as well as he could. Never did such a man go on a strike. The most successful strike is a defeat; and had this man been a striker by nature, sudden and quick in quarrel, jealous of his rights, things would have conspired to keep him down and under. I do not care how clever he may be or how well educated, his salary would have been eighteen a week at the farthest, with a very tenuous hold upon his job ❧ ❧

He that endureth to the end shall be saved. At hotels the man who complains is the man against whom the servants are ever in

league; and the man who complains most is the man who has the least at home. If you are defamed, let time vindicate you—silence is a thousand times better than explanations. ¶ Explanations do not explain. Let your life be its own excuse for being—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life.

By minding your own business, you give other folks an opportunity to mind theirs; and depend on it, the great souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it. As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the big reward gravitate to the patient man

"*He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.*"

The Open or Closed Shop—Which?

IN Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine an engineer on a fast passenger-train, on a railroad that need not here be advertised, became violently insane. The time on his run had been cut down to fifty miles an hour. It was very rapid running at that time, and told severely on the man's nerves. Suddenly, while at the throttle, reason gave way, and the engineer started to make a record run. He imagined there was another fast train just behind; his life was at stake, and safety for himself and his train that he should make a hundred miles an hour

He had nearly attained his pace and was flying past a station where he should have stopped for orders when the fireman, realizing the situation, laid the madman low with a link-pin, and the train was slowed down just in time to escape a wreck.

There is a natural law, well recognized and

defined by men who think, called the Law of Diminishing Returns, sometimes referred to as the Law of Pivotal Points.

A man starts in to take systematic exercise, and he finds his strength increases. He takes more exercise and keeps on until he gets "stale"—that is, becomes sore and lame. He has passed the Pivotal Point and is getting a Diminishing Return. In running a railroad-engine, a certain amount of coal is required to pull a train of given weight a mile, say, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. You double the amount of your coal, and simple folks might say you double your speed, but railroadmen know better. The double amount of coal will give you only about sixty miles instead of fifty with a heavy train. Increase your coal and from this on you get a Diminishing Return. If you insist on eighty miles an hour you get your speed at a terrific cost and a terrible risk

Another case: Your body requires a certain amount of food: the body is an engine; food is fuel; life is combustion. Better the

quality and the quantity of your food, and up to a certain point you increase your strength. Go on increasing it and you reach a point where you get Diminishing Returns. Go on increasing your food and you get death. Loan money at five per cent and your investment is reasonably secure and safe. Loan money at ten per cent and you do not double the returns; on the contrary, you have taken on so much risk! Loan money at twenty per cent and you probably lose it; for the man who borrows at twenty per cent does not intend to pay if he can help it. ¶ The Law of Diminishing Returns was what Oliver Wendell Holmes had in mind when he said, " Because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason I wish to be immersed in brine."

Churches, preachers and religious denominations are good things in their time and place, and up to a certain point. Whether for you the Church has passed the Pivotal Point is for you, yourself, to decide. But remember this, because a thing is good up to a certain point, or has been good, is no reason why it

should be perpetuated. The Law of Diminishing Returns is the natural refutation of the popular fallacy, that because a thing is good you can not get too much of it.

Labor-Unions well illustrate the Law of Diminishing Returns.

Labor-Unions have increased wages, shortened hours, introduced Government Factory Inspection, have partly done away with child-labor, and done many other useful, excellent and beautiful things. But when Labor-Unions go beyond the Pivotal Point and attempt to dictate the amount of the output: forbidding any man to earn more than so much; decide on the proportion of apprentices to workmen, that is, who shall advance and who not; declare what work shall be done in schools or in prisons, and what not; tear out work that has been done by Non-Union men and require that it shall be done over by Union men; insist that you must join a Union, or else be deprived of the right to work—then the Union has passed the Pivotal Point, and has ceased to give an equitable return. When your children do not

go to school for fear of the cry of "scab;" when your wife dare not hang out the washing in the back yard for fear of the cry of "scab;" when you hesitate to go to your work, knowing you may be carried home on a shutter; when brickbats take the place of reason, and the Walking Delegate says, "Carry a Union Card or take out an Accident Policy"—then things have gone so far that in self-protection the Union must be temporarily laid low with a link-pin.

The people of America can not afford to let any combination of men become an engine for the destruction of liberty, be it Labor-Unions, Molly Maguires, Ku Klux, or Church.

There are a million and a half men in America paying dues in Labor-Unions. There are eight thousand paid Walking Delegates or Business Agents, who look to the laborers for support.

A million dollars a year is paid to organizers, the money being paid by the laborers.

Here we get an institution that supports a large number of men who do not work;

who can call a strike or declare it off; who can prey on both employee and employer at will.

It is like a religious institution grown great, that lives and thrives on the fears of its constitutents.

Local Unions meet weekly or daily. The men are called together in the chapel to receive orders. Conference and consultation are out of the question—Unions are run by the men who get paid for running them. And the talking men in any Union are, almost without exception, men who hope to rise through loyalty to the Union and not by helping along their employer. Did you ever hear of a Union where the men were called together to discuss methods and means to better the business that supplied them with work? Well, not exactly!

Members of a Union hope to rise by helping along the Union. They want more pay, shorter hours, and give their time to stating grievances that grow by telling. They wish to become Walking Delegates, organizers or officers in the Union. Men who are loyal to

the firm; who have ambitions about furthering the business; who expect to become superintendents, foremen, partners and officers in the company, keep out of the Unions, because they are not wanted there. John Mitchell was right: "Once a laborer, always a laborer," if you are a Union man and work in a Closed Shop. The Closed Shop writes the life-sentence of every man in it, and shuts the man off from the assistance and friendship of the employer.

Labor-Union organizers constantly fan the fallacy that employers are the enemies of the men to whom they supply work; that capital is at war with labor, and that success lies in secretly combining against capital. ¶ The organizers and helpers are really paid attorneys, and their business is to distort the truth for their own interests. They are preachers upholding their denomination. ¶ Labor-Union meetings are all ex-parte—only one side is represented. The employer, his superintendents and foremen are carefully excluded.

With the Open Shop the Labor-Union is a

good thing—it brings men together, and that which cements friendships and makes for brotherhood is well.

But the Closed Shop creates a sharp line of demarcation between labor and capital, and between Union and Non-Union men. It says, " Once a laborer, always a laborer." It stops the law of evolution; throttles ambition; stifles endeavor; and tends to make tramps of steady and honest workingmen. Workingmen who own homes can not afford to join Unions, and men who are in Unions can not afford to invest in homes. Because the strike is not a matter of choice; they have to throw up their jobs at the crook of the finger of a man, who, perhaps, has no home, no wife, no children, no aged parents. Men over forty who go on a strike do not get back. Strikes are ordered by young men who have no property interests; no family ties and nothing to lose. For old men who can not earn the scale there is no work. Men with children to feed and clothe had better not forfeit the friendship of their employer by disregarding or opposing his interests.

When the Unions have power to dictate a Closed Shop, they have reached a point where they say, " You must join our Union or starve."

This is tyranny! It is un-American! It breathes the spirit of the Inquisition and conjures up in one's mind the picture of Granada's blood-slippery streets.

Unionism, like political parties and other forms of organization, is preyed upon by men who do not consider themselves a part of the United States and are evidently bent upon forcing the workers into mental servitude and a state of hypocrisy.

When Unionism gets to a point where it dictates to the employer whom he shall hire, and decides who shall have the right to labor and whom not, then Unionism has become un-American—a menace too great to overlook. Unlimited power is always dangerous when centered in the hands of a few men

The American Federation of Labor is controlled by eleven men.

These men are not workingmen. They may

have been once, but now they live on the labor of others. They undertake to manipulate and regulate the lives of those who toil, and take toll for their service. The result is that, being human, they are drunk—power-crazed by success—and are attempting to run an engine fitted for fifty miles an hour at a speed of one hundred. It is the working out of the Law of Diminishing Returns. From being a benefit, the Labor-Union has become a burden. The few men who control the Labor-Unions have created a phantom in their minds called "Capital," which they think is after them and is going to shunt them into the ditch. They have frightened the laborers so long with ghost-stories that they have come to believe their own fabrications.

What shall be done about this insane clutch for power? Must we forever endure the rule of the Demagogue?

Who is right in this question of "Labor versus Capital?"

I 'll tell you: both sides are right and both sides are wrong. The capitalists of this coun-

try, for the most part, were once workingmen and many are workingmen now.

And any laborer who owns a home and has a savings-bank account is a capitalist.

The Open Shop means liberty. The Closed Shop means slavery. Moreover, it means faction, feud, strife, violence.

The Open Shop will make employers considerate, and Labor-Unions cautious. Employers are not base and grasping, any more than men who work for wages are truthful, trusting and intent on giving honest service. Men are men, and safety lies in the balance of power.

Henry George, one of the sanest men that America or any other country has ever produced, a workingman, and for many years a member of a Union, and the Labor-Union candidate for Mayor of New York City in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, says, in his *Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII:*

While within narrow lines trades-unionism promotes the idea of the mutuality of interests, and often helps to raise courage and further political education, and while it has enabled limited bodies of workingmen to improve somewhat their condition, and gain,

as it were, breathing-space, yet it takes no note of the general causes that determine the conditions of labor, and strives for the elevation of only a small part of the great body by means that can not help the rest. Aiming at the restriction of competition —the limitation of the right to labor—its methods are like those of the army, which even in a righteous cause are subversive of liberty and liable to abuse, while its weapon, the strike, is destructive in its nature, both to combatants and non-combatants. To apply the principle of trades-unions to all industry, as some dream of doing, would be to enthrall men in a caste system. Union methods are superficial in proposing forcibly to restrain overwork while utterly ignoring its cause, and the sting of poverty that forces human beings to it.

And the methods by which these restraints must be enforced, multiply officials, interfere with personal liberty, tend to corruption, and are liable to abuse. Labor-associations can do nothing to raise wages but by force. It may be force applied passively, or force applied actively, or force held in reserve, but it must be force. They must coerce or hold the power to coerce employers; they must coerce those among their own members disposed to straggle; they must do their best to get into their hands the whole field of labor they seek to occupy, and to force other workingmen either to join them or to starve. Those who tell you of trades-unions bent on raising wages by moral suasion alone are like people who tell you of tigers that live on oranges.

Labor-associations of the nature of trade-guilds or unions are necessarily selfish; by the law of their being they must fight, regardless of who is hurt; they ignore and must ignore the teaching of Christ, that

we should do unto others as we would have them do to us, which a true political economy shows is the only way to the full emancipation of the masses. They must do their best to starve workmen who do not join them; they must by all means in their power force back the "Scab," as a soldier in battle must shoot down his mother's son if in the opposing ranks: a fellow creature seeking work— a fellow creature, in all probability, more pressed and starved than those who bitterly denounce him, and often with the hungry, pleading faces of wife and child behind him. And in so far as they succeed, what is it that trades-guilds and unions do but to impose more restrictions on natural rights; to create "trusts" in labor; to add to privileged classes other somewhat privileged classes; to press the weaker to the wall?

I speak without prejudice against trades-unions, of which for years I was an active member. I state the simple, undeniable truth when I say their principle is selfish and incapable of large and permanent benefits, and their methods violate natural rights and work hardship and injustice. Intelligent trades-unionists know it, and the less intelligent vaguely feel it.

So let this fact be stated: The Union does not stand for labor—it only stands for such a portion of it as consents to be owned and dictated to by itself. For the multitude of young men and young women who wish to gain an education through the skilled use of hands, it cares nothing. It knows nothing about educating the brain by use of the

hand. The " pay-envelope " is all it knows or cares about.

Also, it cares nothing for production or the net result of labor. All it thinks of is more wages and shorter hours.

The despotism of Unionism, if it could have its way, would reach past human belief. It seeks to paralyze human freedom and stop progress. The building of railroads and the growth of cities is nothing to it. The pursuit of another's happiness is its chief concern.

¶ It seeks to chain my pen, and say whom I shall speak well of, and whom not. It tries to name my friends, and if it could separate me from those I respect and admire, it would make their names anathema.

It steps into my household and tells me how my boy shall be educated and how not.

It examines my magazines and warns me to buy only of those advertisers who patronize magazines bearing the " Label."

And then when I protest, it says, " Oh, we do not want to hurt anybody—if you employ only Union labor and use the Label, nothing will happen to you."

Is n't this disunionism? ¶ Is n't it despotism? ¶ And all despotism is bad; but the worst is that which works with the machinery of freedom.

The man with the big stick, who flashes a dark lantern in your face, and assures you that if you give him your watch, no harm shall happen to you, is not a robber.

Oh, certainly not!

The endeavor of Unionism is to make the job last, not to get it done. It assumes that the supply of work is limited and, if there are too many apprentices, the workingman will soon be on half-time.

Any man with this buzzing bee in his bonnet is already a failure. Superior men see no end to work, and all great men make work for thousands. They set armies to work and build cities where before were only prairie-dog towns.

The safety of this country demands that we shall resist coercion and intimidation, whether offered by a Church Trust or a Labor Trust.

The Unions have, as we have said, done

much good in the past—to them we owe factory-inspection, child-labor laws and the shorter working-day. But because a thing is good in small doses is no proof that we can stand an unlimited quantity of it.

Commercial excommunication now is no worse than church excommunication. When the Church cuts you off, you can go to God direct. You simply eliminate the middle-man. When organized-labor leaders seek to starve you out, you make your appeal to the people—and wax fat. Who represents the folks that actually work in this country, anyway? On your life, it is not the Walking Delegate! When the Labor Leader reaches out his long pole from Washington, New York or Boston, and endeavors to lambaste a man in Battle Creek, Indianapolis or Saint Louis, he only wakes the party up an soon has a fight on hand. That a laborer shall not sell his labor where and when he desires; that an employer shall employ only certain people; that my boy shall not be educated; that an advertiser shall not patronize certain periodicals—all this is

shockingly Russian and overwhelmingly Irish

We long ago decided not to be ruled by a person in England, or a man in Italy. The Anglo-Saxon is a transplanted Teuton, with a dash of the hardy Norse in his fiber that makes slavery for him out of the question. In every land upon which he has placed his foot, he has found either a throne or a grave

When those Norsemen with their yellow hair flying in the breeze sailed up the Seine, the people on the shore called to them in amazement and asked, "Where are you from and who are your masters?"

And the defiant answer rang out over the waters, "We are from the round world and we call no man master!" To these men we trace a pedigree. And think you we are to trade the freedom for which we have fought, for the rule of a Business Agent graduated from a cigar-factory?

Excuse this smile—I really can't help it. ¶ When that punk party known as George the Three Times disregarded the warning of

one Edmund Burke, who said, "Your Majesty, you must not forget that these Colonists are Englishmen—our own people, and they can not be coerced," he invited his fate

The English and hired Hessians fought Washington five to one, but Washington was an Anglo-Saxon, a transplanted Teutonic Norse-American, and in his bright lexicon no such word as "fail" could be found.

All attempts to build up class hatred in this country must fail. We stand for co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality. "Once a laborer always a laborer," is not our shibboleth.

I never ask a man I hire whether he belongs to a Union any more than I would ask if he belongs to a Church. That is his business. I most certainly would not ask him to renounce his Union unless the Union were trying to throttle him. Even then it is his affair

But certainly we will not be dictated to by men with less intelligence, energy, initiative and ambition than we ourselves possess. Our Labor-Union friends are lifting a fine

cry about the injustice of injunctions. But what is their whole intent but to place an injunction of fear and coercion upon the employer, so that he dare not turn a wheel without permission!

There are inequalities in this country that must be worked out; there are injustices that must be righted; but the boycott, the club, the fagot, the bomb and the secret conclave—the air-brakes on prosperity's wheels—can never right them. We must bring patience, good nature and reason to bear. To solve the problems we must discuss, agitate, write, talk and educate—and again educate. Some day, then, the fog will lift, and the sun will shine out. In fact, it is beginning to shine out now.

To belong to a Union is all right, but to say that the man who does not belong to a Union shall not be allowed to labor is all wrong

Then to go further and say that the man who employs a man who does not belong to a Union shall be starved out of business is absurd—and worse.

The Closed Shop stands for tyranny and oppression ❧ ❧

It blocks human evolution, destroys initiative and fosters hate. Unionism stands for disunion. It perpetuates distrust, and makes division permanent. It places an injunction on progress, and chains the laborer to his bench ❧ ❧

It organizes enmity, and makes a system of suspicion.

Unionism does not strive to get the work done—its intent is to make it last.

And it never means better work, because better work demands greater devotion, more patience, a finer loyalty. The Union keeps in your shop workmen you otherwise would not have, unless they mended their ways and manners. It makes the slipshod perpetual, and the shiftless everlasting, by placing a premium on distrust and separating the employer from the employed. They never get acquainted.

Advertising

ADVERTISING is fast becoming an art, a science and a business. Art is the beautiful way of doing things; Science is the effective way and Business is the economic way.

We used to regard advertising as an economic waste. Now we regard it as an economic necessity.

There once was an assumption that men who advertised were fraudulent in their intents, hence arose the idea that advertising was unethical, and this fallacy still obtains in a certain few societies and professions.

Individuals, however, are always wiser than institutions. Institutions lag behind. They form a ballast, a sort of tail to the kite.

Commonsense people all recognize now the value of letting the public know who you are, where you are, what you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service.

He who does not advertise for himself will not only be advertised by his loving friends, but also by his rabid enemies. And every one who is doing anything in the world beyond the deadly commonplace, is making enemies. Enemies are the people who do not understand us. Also they are the people whom we move, and this they resent. Also they tell at times the truth about us, or a part of it.

There are two reasons for advertising; one is to sell goods; the other is to create good-will. He who does not advertise because he is selling all of the goods he can manufacture gives the reason of a two-by-four, and commits a woeful error for which he will pay later on.

If you are selling all the goods you can make, and do not advertise, the matter of your good-will will be taken up by those who will capitalize their prejudice, their ignorance, and their spleen to your great disadvantage. There is no finer way in the world to lose money than through advertising—therefore the necessity of making advertising a science.

In order to make a business pay in this day and generation it must be beautiful and it must be scientific.

Advertising demands a knowledge of psychology, and psychology is the science of the human heart. In preparing ads we deal with emotions, passions, tendencies, hopes, ambitions, desires.

In one sense advertising and salesmanship are twin sisters. I do not know the girls apart. The one that is nearest I love best. I need not argue that advertising must be pleasing

All advertising is literature, and all literature is advertising.

Literature advertises a time, a place, an event, a thing. Events do not live: all we have is the record.

Herodotus and Plutarch, who told us so much of what we know about Greece and Rome, were advertising men. There are other big advertising achievements in history. Horatius still stands at the bridge, spear in hand, because a poet placed him there. Paul Revere rides adown the night giving his

warning cry at every Middlesex village and farm; because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop.

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender—and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back that defiant message, "We have n't begun to fight yet," —a phrase put into his mouth by a historian with a fine sense of advertising values. And the sound of that fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

History is n't the thing that happened; it is the account of it. So all history is advertising. And history well written is literature. All written advertising should be literary in style and quality, for all literature is advertising and all genuine advertisements are literature. The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and fames. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires, his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

¶ Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants and, where, when and how they may be gratified. It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

¶ Before beginning to write an advertisement, I call to mind a habit of Lincoln's; upon every conceivable occasion he used to say, "That reminds me" and then tell a story. So I begin an advertisement with a sentence with which every reader would agree.

Good advertisements start with a platitude. That is, they begin with a bromide which every one will accept. When you have the man walking down the street, you have the opportunity to tell him a few things. Never begin an advertisement with a startling statement which invites dispute. Advertisements, however, must be more than platitude, more than truism. There must be sulphides as well as bromides. I would say that every advertisement should contain one platitude, but one is enough.

So here is the formula: take one platitude, stir it up with a dash of wit, season with wisdom, flavor with love, mix.

In writing advertisements don't be afraid to let a smile go into the ink bottle, if it will. In advertising, you are dealing with very human men; let your copy be human, too.

Business

THE civilized world is now experiencing a great mental and spiritual awakening. It is an awakening similar to that of Greece in the time of Pericles; of Rome in the time of Augustus; of Italy in the time of Michelangelo—say in the year 1492 when Columbus set sail and the invention of printing gave learning to the people.

¶ We are living in the greatest time the world has ever seen—a time that will live as the Great American Renaissance. Beginning with a shower of inventions and discoveries, this Awakening has extended to every

domain of human thought and endeavor. Within thirty years time we have evolved; a new science of Education; a new science of Medicine; a new science of Theology; a new science of Penology; and a new science of Business.

Emerson defined commerce as the taking of things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business is that field of endeavor which undertakes to supply the materials to humanity that life demands.

¶ A few hundred years ago, business was transacted mostly through fairs, ships and by peddlers. The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count, and inferiority in quality were considered quite right and proper, and when you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside of the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress. The laugh was on you. And moreover, a legal maxim, *Caveat emptor*—"Let the buyer beware"—made cheating legally safe.

To the peddler or the man who ran a booth at a bazaar or fair it was, "Get your money now or never." The booth of the old time fairs gradually evolved into a store, with the methods and customs of the irresponsible keeper intact; the merchants cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee until their neighbors cheated them, which of course they did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over. John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon who kept a store near Boston, who always added in the year 1775, at the top of the column, as Seventeen Dollars and Seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, disappointment, suspicion and hate caused by a system which wrapped up one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance, as to quality and value, can not be computed in figures. Suffice it to say, that duplicity in trade has had to go.

The self preservation of the race demands honesty and square dealing. Nothing will do

now but truth. We know this because for over two thousand years we have been trying everything else. The world moves and this change in methods of business and in our mental attitude toward trade has all grown out of a dimly perceived but deeply felt belief in the Brotherhood of Man, or the Solidarity of the race.

Business is founded on reciprocity and co-operation: and any other plan spells bankruptcy.

HERE ENDETH *LOYALTY IN BUSINESS* AND ONE AND TWENTY OTHER GOOD THINGS BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE SAME HAVING BEEN DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, ANNO DOMINI MCMXXI AND SINCE THE FOUNDING OF THE ROYCROFT SHOPS XXVI

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